

to strong drinks from their youth up, and have so craving an appetite for them that they cannot let them alone if they are where they can get.

Another thing, it does not suit my mind to believe that man to be a good man who would present anything to his neighbor that is calculated in its nature to be injurious. As we are the people of God, as Mormonism is true and as we have enlisted under the banner of Christ the King, the Savior of the world, and as he taught the laws of his Father, we should do his will and keep his commandments as he kept the commandments of his Father, and never allow ourselves to do wrong, or act in any manner that would lead any one astray.

But where a man does permit himself to do those things, I have no doubt that in process of time it will work together for good to those who love God and keep his commandments. We can see who is righteous,—who is false and who is true. Let us keep the commandments of God and when we meet together, as we have this afternoon, and every afternoon, to partake of the sacrament, let us pray that we may be strengthened in our bodies and spirits, that we may be filled with the same spirit, power, truth and righteousness that dwelt in the bosom of Jesus, that we may cleave to the vine and partake of the same nourishment with it.

Let us all take a course to do right, and if we all do right there is no person here that will do wrong. I am aware that there will have to be a sifting, but would there be any necessity for it if the elements were pure? No. You can obtain pure sand here upon the public works and with that you can make good tempered mortar, for the better it is tempered the better wall you can put up for your habitation. Temper the mortar and let the sand be clear of stone, roots and every imperfect thing.

If this were the case the masons would have no use for the coarse screen to throw the sand against, nor for a fine sieve to separate the finer particles. It is just so with us. The Lord will keep sifting, and will prepare a riddle and sieve, that is the devil will riddle you, and after that he will sift you. Did not the Savior tell one of his disciples that the devil desired to sift him as wheat is sifted? We have come together here, the wheat is gathered in from the four quarters ready for the thrashing and sifting. The world is called the field, and the reapers are going forth to reap and bind up the wheat, or children of the kingdom, into churches, and then draw them together from the four quarters of the earth. For what purpose? In order that the wheat may be thrashed, and after it is thrashed it must go through the fanning mill, and many of the kernels are blown out with the chaff. The heavier wheat drops down in the place prepared to receive it, and at the mill it has to go through the smut machine before it is ground, and after it is ground it has to go through a bolt.

At the far end of the bolt there are fans into which the flour enters, then it keeps growing coarser and coarser, and then goes out the bran at the hind end. In this country we have got a thrashing machine that is fitted with three places, one for the chaff, another for the smut, and other foul articles, and a third to retain the wheat, hence they can go off south, in this way or that way, and some go after gold, and some after a better climate, for they do not like this climate, as they say the winters eat up the summers.

I am more than willing that all such should go, for if they all the time want to go there, let them go. We have got to be brought back into the presence of our Father in Heaven, from whence we have fallen; and if we calculate on this we must pass through trials, suffering and sifting. If you get thrashed, do not murmur. Brethren let us take the right course, listen to the counsels we are blessed with and that we know to be right.

If you will not take the course the Lord has marked out you might as well back out and go down to the regions of despair, to the gold regions, or where you please, but do not trouble us, we are bound to be Saints. We know that this work is true, and if you don't know how to take a course that will bind you to it, plead with and ask God until you do get knowledge for yourselves,—until you can bear the same testimony as we do. When you can do that you will have favor with God, he will prosper you here and multiply his blessings upon us, until we are redeemed and prepared to enter into his glory and sit down with Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, Moses and Joseph.

You know the revelation says that Abraham, Isaac and Jacob entered into their glory and exaltation, and they have done this you can sit down with them by taking the same course that they did. Let us cheer up, let us be comforted. We are comforted, we are blessed, and you feel just as good a spirit here as ever you felt in any place.

You who have lately come in, if you are not very careful, will get to murmuring and finding fault with us, and to think that we are not religious enough. I admit that I am not quite so sanctimonious as they are in London, but I believe that we have got something they have not, we enjoy something they do not. The feelings I enjoy, yield me pleasures that far exceed those derived from the mere luxuries of the world, and that is to have dwelling in me the power of the Holy Ghost, to be honest, and as pure as a babe, as a lamb, or as an angel.

If you enjoy that condition, brethren and sisters, never be troubled about anything, about food, raiment, houses, lands, the devil, or any wicked person, and we will gain the victory and become kings and priests to our God and to his Christ. If every individual will overcome for himself, he will be crowned. This Church and Kingdom will never fall, therefore let me hear about pure Saints and a pure plan of salvation. Let us observe the order of God, and every one be humble to that order and his authorities that preside over us. Let these Saints in the valleys of the mountains be subject to their officers, the people

to their Bishops, and the Bishops to their rulers, and in this way we will move on with mighty power. As for the devil and the world with its combined powers, if they are all arraigned against us, we have power with God to overcome them all.

In the days of Israel, we read that one chased a thousand and two put ten thousand to flight. The Lord would send an influence, perhaps a spirit rapping would get into their midst, and they would go to work and slay one another; cannot the Lord do the same now? Cannot he turn over mountains, if we were followed up by enemies, and heap them upon them just as easy as I can turn over an apple? You need not borrow trouble about Br. Brigham, he does right all the time. God is with him, Angels are with him and round about him night and day. The wisdom of God is given to him, and it will supercede the wisdom of the world; I know this as well as I know that you are here this day.

The ungodly killed Joseph and Hyrum, but in so doing they furthered the work of God more than tenfold. Joseph laid the foundation, and left us to build the building, and when we are gone we will leave others, for it must be done. Do not be troubled, but do what you have been told to do, and never take a course to trammel the First Presidency in their operations, but take off their shackles and burdens and carry them yourselves, for you have just as much physical strength as they have. There is scarcely a weakly man or woman here; then carry your own burdens. God bless you for ever: Amen.

The Eruption of Vesuvius.

Professor Palmieri, of the Naples Observatory, has made a valuable report on the eruption. It appears that the needles of the apparatus of Lamont, which had been slightly affected on the 29th of April, were greatly agitated on the 30th; and on the following day the eruption broke out. No fewer than ten craters opened in the course of a few hours, followed by many smaller ones, all throwing out lava and heated stones, accompanied by subterranean thunders and ruddy masses of smoke. These streams, descending into the plain, called the 'Atrio del Cavallo,' formed there a sea of fire, whose shores were on either side of the mountain of Somma and the lava of 1850. The materials which form this sea, swelling from moment to moment, at length poured into the 'Fosso della Vetrana,' forming that wonderful cascade of which I have spoken. The enormous quantity of lava, ever increasing, filled up the valley at the back of the hermitage; and pouring into the 'Fosso del Favaone,' formed another cascade, and rolled down in the direction of several townships in the valley. Early in the progress of the eruption, the lava was 100 palms in depth; and it was considered that if another such an accumulation took place, which certainly has now happened, the hermitage and the observatory would be in danger.

In fact, they have been vacated, and the instruments removed. The precise number of craters it will be impossible to determine till all is tranquil. The same may be said of the materials ejected; though we have observed chloride of iron, gaseous matter destructive to life, and muriatic acid gas. * * * * *

Professor Palmieri says, that on the first day of the eruption observations were impossible; but on the clouds clearing off, he ascertained that there was a great tension of positive electricity, which increased considerably on the fall of some ashes on the evening of the 2d May. In general the electricity was always stronger when the wind blew towards the observatory. It manifested itself very vigorously to the moveable conductor, not always to the fixed conductor; and during the fall of the ashes' he says, 'I verified a curious fact, which I have observed during the fall of rain, also that whilst with the moveable conductor we had positive electricity, with the fixed conductor a faint, negative electricity was observed. * * * * *

The lava, after falling into the Fosso del Favaone, progressed from that point as from the apex of an angle, in two directions, one bearing down on the townships Cercola, St. Sebastiano, and Massa di Somma, the other, at a later period, in the direction of St. Giorgio a Cremano, and St. Jovio, close to Portici. The first branch being the earliest in order of time, I speak now of that. On the 10th May the lava had arrived within 3,850 palms of Cercola; on the next day it advanced 500 palms more, and there it has remained almost stationary; whilst during the last ten days the mountain has been pouring down its greatest fury by the other branch towards St. Jovio.

As I had already been to the summit of Vesuvius, and watching the lava running rapidly down the sides, then flowing through a plain, and then hurling itself over a precipice until it was lost to the eye, I conceived a strong desire of intercepting the fiery monster in its course, coming face to face with him, and watching his every movement. To do so it was necessary to diverge from the road by Portici, and make the detour of the mountain on the north; and, instead of performing any extraordinary feat, I found that I was but one of tens of thousands who were all bent in the same direction. The first evening of my visit was on a Sunday, when the peasantry of all the country round for many miles had assembled to look at the river of fire, and perhaps as much at the living stream of human beings flowing in from Naples.

The bridge of Cercola was then passable, the villages in the neighborhood were still open, and emerging from the last a few yards brought us face to face with the lava. It was pent within the deep banks of a wide bed, and was flowing down, not like a fluid, which is the ordinary motion of it, but like a mountain of coke, or at

times like highly gaseous coal. It split, and crackled, and sparkled, and smoked, and flamed up, and even moved on in one vast compact body. Pieces detaching themselves rolled down, leaving behind a glare so fierce that I could have imagined myself at the mouth of an iron furnace; and as every mass fell down with the noise of thunder, or rolled sideways, from the upper surface into the gardens and vineyards, the trees flamed up, and the crowds uttered shouts of admiration and regret. Nor was it the lava only which seemed bent on the work of destruction; for in every direction resounded the axe of the wood-cutter, and masters and men were cutting down trees and pulling up vines in those grounds which the fire was approaching. In some places they were too late, as a general conflagration told us. It often happened, too, that careless fellows broke off the ends of their torches, which, falling on the dried-up grass, quickly burnt up all the undergrowth. Following the course of the stream, or rather tracing it back to its source, we walked by the side of that huge leviathan, through highly-cultivated grounds, now trodden under the feet of multitudes until we arrived at the edge of a precipice, whence we looked into the boiling flood, fed by the cascade of lava, which was pouring down from above.

The sublimity of that spectacle is indescribable, and were I to live the life of Methuselah, the impression it made upon me would never be obliterated. I can think of nothing else; and when I close my eyes, still that stream of fire dazzles my sight. Full 1,000 feet fell that glowing, flaming Niagara, in one unbroken sheet, over the precipice at the back of the hermitage and the observatory. Forming, at first, two cascades, the interval between had been filled up by the immense masses of scorice which the mountain had thrown out, and now it majestically rolled down one continued stream into a lake of boiling fire, and then descended into the plains which it had left. There were times when projections in the face of the lava seemed to impede its course, or when the adhesive character of it appeared to bind it up in a temporary rigidity; then, behind those projections, accumulated tons upon tons of material. It was a moment of breathless expectation: all eyes were fixed upon that one blackened spot. There was a slight movement: one heard a click; a few ashes and stones fell down like 'avant-couriers,' and down went a mountain of solid fire into the boiling, smoking abyss, with the noise of thunder. The heat and the glare of the light were at times almost insufferable; and partly to avoid it, and partly as if the mighty fall had communicated its movement to us, we all waved back as by one impulse. The branch on the right, which has since flowed down to St. Jovio, in the direction of Portici, was there only an infant rivulet, stealing on its insidious course through a wood of chestnut trees, and wrapping them all in flame. Alas! how much injury has it since occasioned; how many trees teeming with the promise of fruit and the grape has it laid low; how much land has it covered with tons and tons of scorice, whereon nothing more will grow for a century but the hardy cactus.—In some places a hundred, in others two or three hundred, and in one place a thousand feet in width, it rises to the height of one or two hundred feet, and even more. We walked by what was a week ago a deep, though dry, watercourse, and looked like pigmies up to the top of the mountain of lava by our side; and this mountain was not one single excrescence on the face of the earth, it was a portion only of that marvelous river which, issuing from the side of the cone, ran through the valley by the Hermitage, broke over that precipice of one thousand feet in depth, and then dividing itself into two branches terminated a course of eight or nine miles in face of five or six flourishing and populous villages in the plain.

From St. Jovio the summer residents have fled, and taken their furniture with them. At Cercola and Massa, at the termination of the other branch, a bridge has been cut away so as not to impede the free course of the lava; several houses have been removed for the same reason; and several have been either swept entirely away or half surrounded. In this state things remained till Sunday last; a kind of armistice had been established between the mountain on the one hand, and the Saints, Ferdinand the Second, the bones of St. Rocco, and the Cardinal on the other.

On Sunday last, however, above all other days, the mountain broke the armistice, and the lava has been galloping, not flowing, down ever since. As it flows, however, over the hardened lava of last week, the danger is not imminent; but if it continues, woe to Cercola and Massa. In the St. Jovio direction it does not flow. Again the interest is reviving; Vesuvius presents a more magnificent spectacle than ever, and crowds still throng the best points of view at night, or run down to the mountain.—[Naples correspondent of the Athenæum, May 22.]

[From the London Daily News.]

NAPLES, Thursday, May 10, 1855.

The lava has now advanced ten miles from its source, and is doing terrible damage. I have before me the report of Cozzolino as to the latest changes which have taken place about the cone. Just at the base of it a lake of fire has been formed which looks like a red sea in an undulatory state. In the very centre of this has opened another crater, which is throwing out red-hot stones. On the morning of the 7th the crater at the very summit fired, as it were, two heavy cannonades: after sending forth lightning, flames and stones, broke up altogether.

In the middle of the cone ten craters have been formed, and from these the lava pours forth like

a river and runs on the side of the Cavallo as far as the Minatore. Here four other craters have been formed, which throw up bitumen in the manner of pyramids, and resemble gigantic exhibitions of fire-works. The whole of the summit of the crater is there like a sponge and must inevitably fall in. The thin crust trembles under your feet. You may see the stones dance with the tremulous movement; the part immediately round the crater looks like the sides of a heated copper boiler. Such is a true statement of what is going on on the summit.

There are reports of an opening toward Pompeii which is not unlikely, and another toward Resina, but I have not been up for some days, as the danger is now very great. Before I write again I shall make the attempt. Last night I went to the scene of most stirring interest after an interval of two days. The whole length of this usually quiet road was like a fair, and such was the throng of carriages which were moving on in three lines that it was with difficulty we arrived at our destination. As we approached the menaced neighborhood the inhabitants were removing their goods, and on a bridge in the middle of the little township of Cercola (through which in the winter time thunders down from the summit of Vesuvius one of those mountain rivers so well known in Italy) stood a company of Sappers. Creeping under the solid handsome bridge into the bed of the river, we went up in face of the lava, which was now coming rapidly down. Here again were Sappers, raising mounds on either side to divert the ruin from some private grounds and keep the lava in one straight course.

The smoke which rose over the heads of the multitudes told us we were close on the spot, and climbing up the bank and walking on the top we looked down on the mighty mass of fire. How changed the neighborhood! Where I walked on Sunday night was now a sea of fire. The side road by which I had come down into the main stream from Pollena and Massadi Somme was now full of the blackened coke. The houses on the borders of the village had fallen—in one 30 poor people lived; a small chapel was swallowed up, a gentleman's villa, a sad extent of vineyard and garden ground.

On the other side of the great lava bed another stream was branching off to San Sebastiano. We had hoped to cross it and ascend to the cascade again, but it was no longer possible; for as one says, speaking of a marshy country in the winter, the lava was out. The fire here had begun to enter the burial ground of the little town, but was diverted from its course by a wall. On the opposite side of the stream were the King and the Royal family. The banks on either side were thronged with curious and anxious multitudes, whose faces were lighted up with the blaze of hundreds of torches, and with the more resplendent flame of the rapidly descending lava. Since the morning it had moved a mile. It was like a vast river of glowing coke.

As it moved on, the tens of thousands of lumps rolled and tumbled one over the other crackling and grinding and grating, and when, from the very face of it, a large lump fell off, the appearance was that of an iron furnace when the iron is being drawn. To make the resemblance more complete, at such times men darted forward with long poles taken from the neighboring vineyards and pulled out great masses of lava, in which they embedded money for sale. What struck me at first, and still strikes me as the most majestic figure in the whole scene, is the slow, silent, irresistible motion of that fiery flood. Active, almighty power without an effort! Sweeping everything before it, overcoming every obstacle, growing up against intervening walls or houses, and devouring them bodily, and then marching on in the same silent, unrelenting, irresistible manner as before.

There was a spot beneath my feet where a fall of masonry work had been built to break the violence of the winter floods; to this spot all eyes were directed. The fiery river would fall over it in an hour; as yet it was distant from it seventy yards perhaps. Gradually it rose in height and swelled out its vast proportions, and then vast masses fell off and rolled forward; then it swelled again as fresh matter came pressing down behind, and so it broke, and on it rolled again till it had arrived at the very edge. There was a general buzz and murmur of voices.

The royal family stood opposite to me, intermingled with the crowd, looking on with intense anxiety. At last it broke, not hurriedly, still with a certain show of majesty. At first a few lumps fell down; then poured over a pure liquid of metal, like thick molasses, clinging sometimes mass to mass, from its glutinous character, and last of all tumbled over gigantic lumps of scorice. Then on it moved once more in its silent regular course, swelling up and spreading over the vineyards on either side; and now there was a rush for the road which traverses this lava bed. Houses and the bridge bordered the road, the carriages had been ordered off, and the bridge was being broken down—we were cut off completely.

The sentinel would not let us pass, and struck us and drove us back; but we forced our way, and then found too surely that it was impossible to get on. The bridge was half demolished, and by the light of the torches we could see the soldiers above working away with the pick and the axe. We had therefore to retrace our steps, and making a long circuit through the open country and over walls, came round to the top of the bridge. 'Run' said the sentinels, 'or you will be too late.' We crossed the narrow parapet which was still remaining, and soon afterwards down went the whole fabric.

In this way it is hoped that the lava will be diverted from the townships of St. Sebastiano, Massa di Somme and Pollena, which stand on either side and have as yet only suffered partially. Cercola, however, through which the stream is rolling, will be sacrificed.

The expectation is that the lava, should the eruption continue, will flow down the Ponte to